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enters the residence quarter of the city at the end of one of the 'stair-case' streets which intersect the city from North to South, leading down from terrace to terrace.

To a modern occidental the streets of Priene present a strange appearance. Instead of broad driveways, sidewalks, lawns and shrubbery, verandas, inviting doorways and windows, Priene shows streets that were narrow paved passages 11 1-2 to 18 ft. wide, shut in by windowless house walls of marble blocks or stucco, with here and there the openings of low passageways leading into the houses. Wherever possible, entrances to houses lay in a quiet side street or courtyard. In his home life the citizen of Priene seems to have sought perfect seclusion from the passerby in the street.

Within the residence quarter in the upper part of the city four buildings stand out prominently from the close mass of red-roofed private houses: an open sanctuary of the Egyptian divinities, a gymnasium, the theatre with its stage buildings, and, most prominent of all, the temple of Athena. This temple, a gift of Alexander the Great, stands out majestically above the whole city, upon a broad plateau which rises some 60 feet above the agora level and is supported by a massive sustaining wall. The precinct contains beside the temple itself an elaborate propylon where the street enters the precinct, a great altar to Athena, a magnificent portico of 32 columns with a broad promenade at the edge of the terrace, and statues and small temple-like structures similar to the treasuries at Delphi.

On a lower terrace, in the exact center of the city, lies the Agora. It is magnificent in its dimensions and in its relation to the size of the city, its length and breadth being almost exactly one fifth the greatest length and breadth of the city. This was the busy center of the life of the community. In its relation to the surroundings it occupies the same position as the inner court of a house. It is surrounded by public buildings, lofty porticoes, a temple of Asklepios, houses and shops. Its broad peristyle was occupied by a great altar in the center, and by statues in marble and bronze, honorary inscriptions and ornamental seats. Its most conspicuous feature is a long portico on the north side, open to the south, containing official chambers, and communicating at the back with the council hall and the prytaneion.

From the Southwest corner of the Agora a 'stair-case' street leads to the lowest of the city's terraces, which extends close to the city wall on the South. Its entire expanse is occupied by a large gymnasium and a stadium. The gymnasium, larger than the one in the upper part of the city, consists of an open court surrounded by halls and chambers. From the remains and inscriptions found here Wiegand draws an animated picture of the manifold activi-

ties carried on here by the young men of Priene. A door in the Eastern wall of the gymnasium communicates with the stadium, which is nearly 600 feet long. From the level of the race course, and only on its northern side, rise the tiers of spectators' seats in a long straight line. Unlike most stadia there are no seats around either end of the course. Behind the uppermost row of seats runs a promenade backed by a stately portico which afforded shelter to the spectators in case of rain.

From some points of view the most interesting finds in Priene are the remains of private houses. Excavations at Delos and Pergamon brought to light the 'peristyle' type of Hellenistic houses. Priene has yielded in a most perfect way the 'megaron' type, descendant from the late Mycenaean megaron. Some of the features of this type are plainly seen in the lithograph. The mass of closely built houses, grouped four or eight to a block, show sloping red tiled roofs, windowless walls facing the streets, and open inner courts.

The most constant feature of the houses in Priene is the *prostas* or *pastas* of Vitruvius, a hall with Doric façade, leading into the *oecus*, the principal chamber, with dining-room adjoining. Almost invariably this *prostas* is on the north side of the inner court, facing the South. Evidently the builders of Priene in laying out their city and building their houses were guided by the proverb, "where the sun enters the physician does not enter", and built their living-rooms in such a way as to get all possible sunlight. In the heat of summer an open chamber on the south side opposite the *prostas* afforded cool shelter from the sun. The *prostas* was used as a kitchen, as is evidenced by portable stoves and kitchen utensils found in that part of the house.

The lithograph of Zippelius cannot give the details of the inner arrangement and furnishings of the houses. But these are admirably discussed in Wiegand's essay, for those who have not access to the complete publication of the excavations (by Wiegand and Schrader, Berlin, 1904).

More detailed description or critical discussion of the work of Zippelius and Wiegand would transcend the limits of this paper. It is to be hoped that interest in the lithograph and essay may be stimulated so that both may be widely welcomed in American schools.

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AN EPILEPTIC EMPEROR

A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FIRST CAESAR

There are only three ways in which one can account for the tremendous significance of Caesar. One is, that he was a typical Roman of his period,

whom chance threw in the way of great events; the second, that he belongs to that Nietzschean group of geniuses who are born aeons too soon for the normality of their 'obermännliche' tendencies; the third, that he was the victim of a disease which is as likely to display abnormalities above, as it is sure to show them below, the safe line of mediocrity. There is a fourth, that Caesar was nothing and did nothing remarkable, and that the Caesar legend may be classed with the myths concerning Arthur and Charlemagne. That theory may trouble our twenty times removed posterity, when the Dark Ages begin again; I hardly think that we ourselves need waste time over it. It is a suggestion emanating from the German time-diggers, and I respectfully rededicate it to them.

(1) *Caesar as Roman*—Our first premise, then, is that Caesar was simply the usual Roman of his time and class, that by chance of family relationship and acquaintance he found himself in a position which would, on the whole, have been managed in much the same way he managed it, had his place been taken by Curio or Dolabella or Marcus Antonius or Titus Labienus. This point of view is not so preposterous as it sounds; ten generals would have done as well as Wellington at Waterloo, or as Grant at Appomattox. Personally, I feel a sneaking sympathy for it, because I believe that the only genius which is really inevitable is that of the poet—in whichever one of myriad forms it be expressed.

But the mere hesitancy I felt in naming those men who might have taken Caesar's place points to the weak spot in the argument; who was the typical Roman? Catilina and Caelius Rufus and Dolabella and Curio, young bloods who spent their noisy lives ruffling it about town, *noctu in angiportis grassantes*? Or Milo and Clodius, professional bullies, who in Nero's time would have fought in the amphitheater without compulsion? Or Cato and Favonius and Marcellus, strange, half crazy relics of a time gone by? Or Marcus Antonius, unscrupulous and fatly selfish, that most wretched of creatures, a deliberate roué? Or Marcus Brutus, an idle visionary, eternally incapable of seeing anything in the mirror of life but his own reflection? Or Pompeius, quarreling about his little dignities while Rome slipped between his fingers? Or Cicero, sensitive, high-strung, nervous, ridiculously arrogant and self-satisfied? All these were Romans, all but the last were of the ancient stock, all were of Caesar's time. But where does Caesar stand among them?

It is true that, up to the age of forty or thereabouts, we have no trouble in placing Caesar: he belonged with the Catilina gang. Like them, he spent much money and borrowed more, played the gay Lothario in the most disreputable manner possible, and mixed freely in the bloodier side of poli-

tics. But in the middle-aged Caesar of Gaul and the East, there is something, a sureness of purpose, a calm tenacity, a belief in his own sanity and ability, that make him the one quiet figure in a feverish age. Perhaps—who knows?—he won his victories when other men lost their heads.

Caesar, then, is not the typical Roman of his time, because there was none. Curio or Dolabella or Marcus Antonius or Titus Labienus would not have done his work so well as he: the first two would have played with the task set them; Antonius would have farmed it out to the highest bidder; and Titus Labienus would still be up that hill. Moreover, Caius Gracchus, Marius and Pompeius all had the chance before Caesar. What they did with it, you may learn from Gracchus in the marshes of the Minturnae, from Marius at Carthage, and from Pompeius at Alexandria.

Caesar as Superman—Are we to conclude, then, that Caesar was one of those beings dear to the heart of Nietzsche and of Shaw,—first forerunner of that superman whom we may expect in a thousand eras or so? Was he akin to Sulla Fortunatus and to Napoleon the Great? Hardly; for, to begin with, he did not believe in his guiding star; no man who does not believe in his guiding star can have one. To put it less rhapsodically, Caesar's self-confidence was born, to my mind, of the knowledge that, in one way or another, his opponents were a pack of fools, and, that if he could only keep them off long enough, in time they would devour one another—which they did. This accounts, of course, for his unparalleled boldness on some occasions and his unparalleled timidity on others, for the ease with which he left Pompeius and Crassus do as they pleased for ten years, and the swiftness with which he precipitated matters when he saw that the pot was ready to boil. In other words, Caesar was a very good psychologist in an unpsychological age, and so much more beautifully commonplace than the rest of us that he has kept us guessing ever since. It is so disappointing, when we see a weird sign from heaven, to be told it is only a searchlight, that most of us simply refuse to believe the rational explanation.

But the mere fact that Caesar so often blundered into danger, that he so often became the harassed general, outwitted by stupidity, a frightened rope-dancer on the verge between success and failure, proves that he did not belong to those fatalistic monomaniacs who will themselves inevitable victory. If there be supermen, Sulla and Napoleon are of them, but not that gentleman who forgot all about the war, and went traipsing off with Cleopatra.

Caesar as Epileptic—That Caesar was an epileptic, there is no doubt. Plutarch and Suetonius both mention the fact (Plutarch, Julius Caesar 17; Suetonius, Julius Caesar 45). Though Suetonius at

least never misses a chance to tell a lie, there would be no point in this one, any more than in saying that Caesar had blue eyes instead of black. But a much stronger proof than anyone's mere say-so rests in many of the deeds of the man himself. I am more than surprised that not one of the learned biographers of Caesar seems to have thought of ascribing the unusual manifestations of his mind to the vagaries of this disease.

I have spoken of Caesar as normal: in my opinion his intellect, when unmodified by his affliction, was eminently sane, practical, common-sense. His versatility, the clear, straightforward style of his writing, his planning ability as a general and a politician, all show that. But there are some events in his life—among them the late period at which, in a precocious age, he came into political prominence; the sudden indecisions which overtook him during the Gallic campaigns; the torture of hesitancy in which he stood before the Rubicon, with his mind thoroughly made up but his will paralyzed; the bursts of ferocity which belied his usual (and probably diplomatic) clemency, once in Gaul and once after Thapsus; the criminal frivolity with which he deserted the great purpose of his life to fight the petty wars of the voluptuous and unscrupulous Cleopatra; the weakening of his intellectual strength under the cares of reconstruction; the Parthian obsession—these things are totally unexplainable under any other hypothesis than that of mental or nervous disease.

Caesar's heredity on his mother's side was good; of his father we know only that he died young and suddenly, which proves nothing at all. That their only child was delicate seems to be indicated by the fact that, unlike most boys of the period, he did not attend school, but had a private tutor. Moreover, great physical health is not an attribute of the descendants of old families; and the Julian gens, though its descent from Iulus was apocryphal and contrary to Grimm's law, was able to trace its ancestry farther back than was good for it. Granted, then, a sickly childhood, and a youth spent in the most enervating forms of dissipation (like most of his contemporaries whom I have mentioned, he was to some extent a sexual invert, and certainly made up for his abstemiousness in food and drink by his indulgence in other directions), it is not hard to understand the epileptic seizures to which he was subject. A period of exercise and physical training in the open air, in Gaul (the only discovered method of alleviating epilepsy), brought him almost back to normal; but in the excitement of the Pompeian struggle he again fell under the influence of the disease, until it culminated in a gradual deterioration that, had he not fallen first at the hands of the conspirators, would in all probability have terminated in the premature senility presaged by his early baldness.

Whether this tendency of his was transmitted to his offspring, we have no way of ascertaining: there is nothing remarkable in the fact that Julia and Caesarion seem to be his only children (the Marcus Brutus story may, I think, be dismissed as a cruel slander on Servilia: and as for other tales of the sort, soldiers' songs are not good history). It was an age of race suicide, and Caesar himself, as I have said, was an only child. As to Julia, there are no statistics, beyond the fact that she died in childbirth: it would be interesting to know if it was in eclampsia. Caesarion, so far as is known, came to a violent death.

The mere fact of Caesar's epilepsy does not, of course, affect the first two questions I have put forward. Napoleon himself was an epileptic, and so were Byron and Goethe; but it would be hard to find four more widely differing types of intellect. And to hark back to the first theory, whatever characteristically Roman, Caesar had in him—his governing power, his inflexibility of purpose, his practical common sense, his cool clearheadedness—were his nevertheless, however they might at times be modified by his affliction.

Whether Caesar did or did not intend to found the empire established by Augustus, is a question of little moment. In the short period after Manda, he was probably living from day to day, and looking definitely no farther forward than to Parthia. Had his mental strength held out, or been partially rehabilitated by the open-air struggle of that campaign, he would doubtless have cast about for a means of organizing the power now his; and I credit him with enough good sense to see that one-man rule was the only way to cut the political tangle. But I have too much respect for him to think that he was at all attracted by the futile glitter of kingship; and, if it can be proved that that little farce of the three crowns really came *mente unici imperatoris*, then his illness must have been pathetically near its end. It may be that we should be grateful to Brutus and Cassius for what their daggers spared us.

I have a private theory that there are no great men, that chance and a fortuitous grouping of heredity bring together occasionally the right man and the right opportunity. Thus many great events lack their heroes, and many heroes their events. And, as I said before, it is only the lyric spirit—or the fatalistic which overcomes impossibilities. In Caesar we see perhaps the most noted of these comings together of the man and his work. It is a tribute to the sufficiency of the man that he did his work in the face of an overwhelming nervous affliction.

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